

NORTHERN JUNKET



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Monthly sessions in English Country and Morris Dancing under the direction of May Gadd will begin in March at the Potomac School in McLean Va. For information, contact Mrs. Newell Price, 3019 Orchard Lane, N.W. Washington, D.C.

To any of our readers who are interested in folk songs & lore of Australia we highly recommend a perfect jewel of a publication, "Northern Folk", price \$2.00 for 10 issues from Ron Edwards, Holloways Beach, Queensland, Australia.



TAKE IT OR
LEAVE IT

Optimists claim that we have twenty million people square dancing in the United States. More conservative estimates place the number somewhere around ten million.

Lets split the difference and call it fifteen million. Wouldn't you say that it was a little strange that out of all those millions of devotees there is not one who is writing music especially for square dancing? What has happened? If you know the answer we'd sure like to have it.

This is a real tragedy. I am NOT saying that there is no music for square dancing - there is. But it wasn't written especially for dancing. I'd rather not be reminded of the hill-billy trivia coming out of Nashville that is being used for dancing. After all, you have to use something to dance to and that kind of music is better than nothing; not much better, but some.

No doubt the death of live music for dancing has something to do with it. It will make a good scape-goat until a better one comes along.

Maybe some alert record company would like to sponsor such an undertaking. They have been responsible for many of our square dance ills, why can't they be responsible for an undertaking of this sort?

Sincerely

Ralph

THE ITINERANT FIDDLERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE



by ED MOODY

From the beginning of recorded history right down to the present time we read of travelling musicians. In olden times troubadours wandered from land to land and castle to castle, living on the largess of the hosts in return for entertainment. Most of these roaming musicians played stringed instruments of sorts.

In the 16th century some expert craftsmen started tinkering with the design of the viol - adding and subtracting strings and redesigning the body. In 1550 the elder Amati was born. In early manhood he redesigned and rebuilt the viol. He reduced its size and confined it to four strings. He reached the peak of his creative powers about 1585 - passed his knowledge along to his sons, and they in turn, on to Guanari and Stradivarius. No man as yet has been able to improve on the violins that they produced. Their instruments, in the hands of a master, will shout joyously or weep sadly; laugh or sing. All violins made since that time follow their designs and dimensions.

Travelling musicians adopted this new instrument and carried it from Italy to all parts of Europe. Its design was copied by local craftsmen in all locales. Demand for it grew because of its excellent tone and musical qualities. Books written of the activities of the 1500's often refer to music by violinists. Mas has been able to improve on every other mechanical device except the violin, which all musicians proudly refer to as "My fiddle". Fifes, drums and percussions belong to the military, but the fiddles belong to the people.

When the first permanent settlers came to America the English were known far and wide as "the dancing English". The desire to dance is born in all mankind and while no mention is made of it, it is sensible reasoning to assume that some of these early settlers brought their fiddles with them. By 1628 more people arrived from Europe and settled on the shores of Massachusetts Bay. All were then supposedly under the edict of Governor Bradford of Plymouth.

On May Day of 1628, according to our historians, a day of dancing and merrymaking began in Merrymount, a section of what is now Quincy, Massachusetts, where an early bootlegger furnished the grog. Worse yet, the native Indians were invited and encouraged to join the settlers in their dancing frolic. Spirits of all attending flew freely for several days as they capered around a Maypole to the music of fiddlers and Indian drums! Upon hearing of this scandalous activity, Governor Bradford dispatched Captain Miles Standish and a squad of men to put a stop to it and to arrest one Thomas Moreton who was responsible for this outburst of human exuberance and who incidently furnished - at a profit, the liquid spirits. But dancing had openly started among the early New England settlers and it hasn't stopped since, and still is done - to the music



of the fiddle, primarily.

As the population increased in New England by the coming of more and more settlers, the center of government, and other activities moved from Plymouth to Boston. From here, the more adventurous moved north and northwestward, into what is now Western Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, all of which were at that time a part of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Although little can be found in public libraries, it is safe to assume that fiddlers followed the settlers and that many "Junkets" were held in New Hampshire hamlets, and also that New Hampshire produced some outstanding fiddlers during the burning period of the New Hampshire Grants.

More interested in making music than in making a home, many of these folk travelled continuously with no limitation of distance, knowing that they would find a warm welcome wherever they stopped. They swapped a few days help with the chores for a place to sleep and some vittles to eat plus some fiddle music each evening. In New Hampshire, at least, some of these fiddlers found the lady of their choice so abandoned their nomadic way of life and settled down to family life.



Whenever one of these men arrived in some New Hampshire village the word spread like wildfire and a Junket - today called a hoe-down - was in the making. After sundown on the appointed day, wagon loads of folks from miles around drove to the place where the party was to be held; entire families of them, loaded with the desire to neighbor, and also materially with baskets of good things to eat. When enough folks had arrived to start a dance, the fiddler fetched in a milking stool

from the barn and set it in the kitchen sink, climbed up on it to be out of the way, and began to fiddle.

The Junket continued for hours. Quadrilles, contras, and in later years the Lancers were danced in the long kitchens of our ancestors. The overflow danced in the north dining room and living room (always called in early days the "sitting room"). Babies in swaddling clothes were stacked all over the house on beds and sofas where they were lulled to sleep by the music of tunes that years later they would be dancing to.

This procedure carried on for generations. In fact it has never completely gone out of style. This was the way in which they preserved for us such tunes as "The White Cockade", "Soldiers' Joy", "Haste to the Wedding", "Miss McLeod's Reel", and many, many more. The best of them originated tunes of their own, some of which have been lost while others, such as "Jason Towne's Hornpipe", "Ned Kendall's Hornpipe", "Holmes Brother's Jig", and "Wild Goose Chase" are still heard occasionally. They played for the supreme joy of making music with the thought of a place to eat or sleep secondary. Their minds were travelling encyclopedias of tune after tune which we still enjoy today when we dance some of the traditional patterns of quadrilles and contras. They preserved them for posterity without benefit of printed page because many could not read a note of music. Each fiddler had his own favorite tunes which he cheerfully exchanged with any other travelling musician he might meet up with on his journeyings. Also, he swapped tunes with those fiddlers who had abandoned the road and settled down.



By the latter part of the nineteenth century the travelling fiddlers had practically disappeared. After nearly two centuries of nomadship in America he had taken root in some locality. His roving forbears however, had left an indelible stamp on the music now traditional in New Hampshire, and well preserved by our today's musicians who now permanently live here. Today it seems as though the concert virtuosos get much further than fifty miles from home. Itinerancy of fiddlers is a thing of the past but their rich heritage remains beautifully preserved for our local players to carry on.



The following paragraph is from a letter from Ralph Page, of Keene, N.H.: "Mother used to tell of a blind fiddler 'Old Dunbar' who travelled the Monadnock Region when she was a little girl in the 70s and 80s. He was the only roaming fiddler that she remembered. He always stood in a corner to play his fiddle; said it sounded better that way. Sewall Page lived in Munsonville - my old home town, in the house now owned by the Guillo family, and he was a tremendous fiddler. He would invite young people in to visit him and he'd play tunes for them all evening long. Just a fiddle concert - no dancing. He would arrange the young people around the room until he got the right "vibrations" from his instrument, and woe to the poor soul who moved from his chair to another one! In such a case, Sewall would stop playing and refuse to continue until the culprit returned to his original place! She spoke many times of a wonderful left-handed fiddler living in Hillsboro, N.H. by name of Charlie Cavender. There wasn't a ball or Cotillion in the region that the sponsors didn't try to get him to be in the orchestra. There are many stories of his prowess with a bow, notably the ones about his playing a tune when the rest of the orchestra had finished:

he was sound asleep but still playing! Then there was a terrific fiddler named Taggart, who was born and lived many years over in Sharon. He went on to become a life-long musician around Worcester and Fitchburg, Mass. In my day there was Forrest Barrett, a veteranarian living in Peterboro. He was one of a musical family. He had a remarkable musical memory and his repertoire of fiddle tunes was seemingly endless. Lawrence Holmes, of Stoddard was another good fiddler. He too, was one of a family of musicians. Unfortunately, he never fully realized on his ability." By this time the American way of life had changed and left little place for travelling fiddlers. So let us scan over the panorama of the first half of the 20th century for New Hampshire fiddlers and what they have contributed to musical posterity.



In the first decade or so of the present century, dance teachers still included Quadrilles, with a few figures of the Lancers, Contra dances and such couple dances as the Schottische, Waltz, Two-step, the Dutchess and the Berlin was in their repertoire, all of which were danced to accomplished fiddlers.

However, the Castle Walk, the Tango, The Grizzly Bear and the Bunny Hug appeared on the scene and as time went on they melded themselves into what is now the Fox Trot. Only the Waltz seemed to remain of the popular dances of a few years previous in the urban centers of population. Budding musicians of that era found that there was no need for precision and masterly bowing and phrasing in order to satisfy the demands of this new type of dancing and their playing did not approach the excellence of those who went before them.



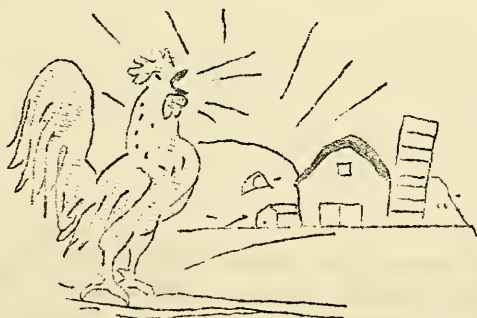
Many of our New Hampshire men refused to be led astray, continuing to phrase and punctuate their tunes. They had learned from past masters of the art; frequently played in the company of these older men, and found that they had to maintain a high standard of music-making to stay in their company. Our older fiddlers would not tolerate any slurring from one phrase to another and their punctuation was outstanding. Before admitting a younger fiddler into their clan, the old-time men would insist the youngsters play for them in an acceptable manner some or all of the following tunes: "Durang's Hornpipe", "Devil's Dream", "Good for the Tongue", "Masai's Favorite", "Rosebud Reel", "Money Musk", "Vinton's Hornpipe", "Miller's Reel", "High Level Hornpipe", and such finger-twisters as "Cincinatti Hornpipe", "Red Lion Hornpipe", "Forester's Hornpipe" or "Ostimelli's Reel". Anyone surviving that ordeal of tunes "belonged".

These old-time fiddlers were honorable men and solid citizens of their home towns. Here is what the Nelson correspondent to the New Hampshire Sentinel wrote about the passing of the above mentioned Sewall Page: "Sewall W. Page, who died Jan. 12th (1890) was one of the best natural musicians who ever lived in this part of Cheshire County of late years. He was a proficient performer on the violin, and forty years ago his services were in great demand at balls and dancing parties of various kinds. A few years ago he experienced religion, convinced that it was wrong for him to play at such places, and for several years he only played for amusement of himself or others - occasionally playing at entertainments where he showed that his right hand had not forgot its cunning. He was a kindhearted and

companionable man, a good neighbor, and a farmer by occupation. A wife and large family of children survive him".

Traditional square and contra dancing stayed alive in the areas wherein lived such excellent fiddlers. They kept alive one of the most interesting forms of social recreation - contra dances. It faded in every other area of the country where good musicians were an unknown commodity. Lovers of contra dances owe a great debt to their old-time fiddlers who could and did play the proper music for them - and played the music in tune! It was not the dancers, the prompters, nor the callers, who kept contra dancing alive for folks to re-discover and enjoy - it was good fiddling and largely in New Hampshire.

Traditional American folk dancing stayed alive in the suburban and farming districts during the early part of the present century. It was helped to do so by fiddlers who tucked their instruments under their arm and plodded to their Grange or Town Halls on Saturday nights to furnish the music for their people. The category of Americana refused to die and never will as long as there are fiddlers to create the atmosphere of neighborliness.



Henry Ford, a country boy originally, began to revive square dancing in the mid-20s. Soon it became one of the "Things to do". In reviving the dancing he also revived the demand for good musicians as at that time all dancing was done to live music. This demand and revival simmered along not too noisily until the development of the "P A" system which made today's technique

of square dance calling. Because of the P A systems ability to amplify the music of recordings to the point where a five-piece band could sound louder than a symphony orchestra, the callers started to search for records to which they could call squares.

Few were available then, but all that changed in a jiffy! Some of our New Hampshire fiddlers waxed several sets of them and they enjoyed a large sale. Today - at least fifty companies are producing square dance records many of which are of very mediocre quality and have a life of popularity of less than four months. However, none of the nation's leading callers ever go away on a trip without a couple of those early records in their calling case. The most outstanding one was waxed in 1952. Its title is "Glise a Sherbrooke", on a Folk Dancer label. No square dance record before or since has matched this all-purpose recording. It was made by Ralph Page's Orchestra composed of Russ Allen and Dick Richardson on the fiddles, Johnny Trombley, piano, Junior Richardson, bass viol, and George Tricksson, accordion.



And now a few words about one of our famous fiddlers who played in the Monadnock Region of New Hampshire for nearly 80 years. He began playing for public dances before he reached his teens. He led the orchestra when Denman Thompson brought back his world-famous play "The Old Homestead" from several years on Broadway to its home town, Swanzey, N.H. He played year after year, always in great demand. A few years ago, groups from all over New Hampshire journeyed to Winchester, N.H. to attend a special dance in his honor. The reason - to celebrate his ninetieth birthday. Who was he?

JOHN
J. J. J.

Arthur Maynard, of Swanzey.

In the 1950s, many fine festivals were staged by the New Hampshire Folk Federation. Fiddlers came from all over the state to furnish music for the traditional dancing that was enjoyed by several hundred dancers on the floor. Even though the music they created was wonderful to dance to during the formal evening sessions, these musicians held their own private "Old Home Day" between the afternoon and evening sessions. Few outsiders were privileged to attend it. The men poked around the particular building where the festival was taking place that year, until they found an isolated and unused room - the janitor's room, the boiler room, the carpenter shop, or what have you. They all squeezed in; some sitting, some standing, at least a dozen old-timers and as many more on their way up. To describe what went on at these sessions for the next hour and a half taxes the powers of the English language.



After locking the door to keep out unwanted guests the meeting began with no chairman nor real leader. A wee bit of tuning up. Then some old-timer would start off. No rules, no by-laws, no program. He simply started a tune and all the others followed him. Generally the first few tunes were familiar to all, such as "Soldier's Joy", "Rakes of Mallow", "Girl I Left Behind Me" "Fisher's Hornpipe" and the like, gradually building up to "Chorus Jig", "Money Musk" and "Rickett's Hornpipe".

After a tune had been played through a few times, the instigator would wave his bow to signal an ending, then with scarcely a pause some other one would start a tune, and so on. After fifteen-twenty minutes of this from somewhere in the group you would hear "Member this"? which that particular voice would begin to play.

A few of the old-timers may have remembered it and joined in after the first few notes.

Now, practically every fiddle tune consists of 32 measures of music which is repeated over and over. In the first 32 measures, the younger fiddlers, not familiar with the tune, simply fingered their strings, with their bows moving about an inch above the strings. They were learning the tune by ear. Oft times about halfway through the second 32 measures, one bow after another, would drop onto the strings and the volume of music thus increased. By the time the mid-point of the third repetition every man in the group would be sawing away with his bow, and that particular tune would become a part of himself for any future use. In this way our younger fiddlers were indoctrinated into the proper way of playing a tune for dancing. Whichever fiddler suggested a tune became the leader for that particular tune and all followed his lead and signals. After about an hour and a half of this musical camaraderie somebody looked at his watch, and all would dash out to the dining room to gulp a hasty supper in order to be ready for the evening's program. As usual, food was secondary to music to these dedicated musicians. The clock that they had just turned back a hundred years or so caught up with them; they had a dance to play for.



To name a few of these fiddlers who, year after year attended these festivals: Ed Lewis, of Durham; Al Quigley, of Nelson; Omer Marceux, of Concord; Milt Appleby, of Rochester; Dick Richardson, of Marlboro; H. Gardner, of Concord; Roger Pinard, of Barnstead; Arthur Hansen, of Concord; Ken Brigs, of Newton; Hiram Paul, Taton Center; Marcel Robidas, Rochester; Earl Brown, Barnstead Parade; Joseph Pomerleau, Gonic; Bernard Peron, Dover; Perbert Meatty, Barrington; Russ Allen, Keene, and we mustn't forget the ladies: Ruth Pearson,



Manchester; Joyce Merrill, Northwood; Dorothy Cleveland, Concord.

They would be "backed up" by: pianists (one at a time!) Johnny Trombley, Marjorie McNeil, Bob Cormier, Mrs Lee Allen, Mrs Frances Huff; accordionists, Bob McQuillen, Patricia Goodwin, Bea Jarvis, Howard Fitch and Dudley Laufman; banjoists, Al Ruggero, Chris Hayward, Lionel Emond; bass, Vern Jarvis, Junior Richardson, Ross Whittier; and Newton Tolman, flute. It was a dancers "seventh heaven" to be on the floor when this "ensemble" gave out with the likes of "Quigley's Reel", "Rosebud Reel" or "Ariel's Hornpipe".

Yes, the itinerant fiddler has gone. Our changing ways of life have eliminated his excuse for being and travelling, but his art will never die. The proportion of boys being born who can pick up a violin and without a lesson learn to finger the strings to produce wonderful music will never diminish. These boys will sit in at Junkets and folk festivals with older accomplished fiddlers and learn to carry on the heritage of making good music. In New Hampshire they will learn proper phrasing and timing which has marked our musicians from father to son, and recognized nationally. Though our itinerant fiddler has vanished, the remarkable record made by our New Hampshire fiddlers seem to have taken their place; records that are in demand everywhere that people want good danceable, long-lived music.





THE MYSTERY MAN OF IRISH MUSIC

by H. L. Morrow

Edward Bunting, who died in Dublin one hundred and twenty-five years ago, is very much the mystery man of Irish music. As well as being the man who saved Ireland's heritage of song.

The mystery part of it isn't easy to tell in so many words. At least not all of it, for it is largely the personal conflict between two men of great talents - Bunting and Thomas Moore - who hated one another as intensely as they must secretly have admired one another.

Bunting was the rough pioneer, the man who did the field-work - often in near impossible conditions - taking down from the lips of the country people all over Ireland folk songs and tunes that were fast disappearing from memory in a changing Ireland trembling on the verge of insurrection, a rich musical heritage that but for Bunting would have been lost irretrievably. As for Moore, has he not been described as the Darling of the

Drawing-Rooms, the man who prettified Irish folk tunes for the entertainment of flippant and fashionable audiences in Mayfair?

Despite the fact that Moore undeniably and inexcusably filched many, many of his best known tunes from Bunting's collections without acknowledgement, he still has his defenders. Add the fact remains that Moore's unacknowledged filchings drove Bunting into a state of mind in which his inspiration and enthusiasm withered and all but dried up till he became a man embittered to the point of sterility. It may be argued that Bunting's work was finished, and that he knew it. This I very much doubt, for even in his last collection (published as late as 1840, forty-four years after the first) there are no signs of a talent in decay.



I have always had an unashamed admiration for Bunting the man and the musicologist, as I have always admitted the occasionally exquisite, if always slender lyrical talents of Thomas Moore. Perhaps I feel more for Bunting the man than for Moore despite all the little tragedies that beset Moore's private life, despite all Bunting's surliness and grumpiness (which he may well have inherited from his father, a blunt civil engineer from Derbyshire). For Bunting had the supreme gift of loyalty to friends. All through the period of the 1798 Insurrection he lived in Belfast in the thick of it, as we should say, actually dwelling in the house of one of the principal insurrectionists - Henry Joy McCracken, who was soon to perish on the gallows. Yet Bunting, though then an anti-Nationalist and strongly opposed to the approaching insurrection, never "grassed" on his friends and acquaintances though there must have been the constant temptation of bribes and rewards in plenty at a time when he was an impoverished music teacher and assistant organist.

Bunting was born in Armagh in 1773. His mother was a lineal descendant of an O'Quin of the Hy Nialls who was killed 'on the rebel side' in 1641. It was through the mother that the three Bunting boys inherited their love of music; all three became professional musicians. In 1784, at the age of 11, the highly precocious Edward went to Belfast to act as assistant to Mr Weir, the organist of St. Anne's, now the Cathedral, and instruct in piano-playing pupils who were all much older than he was and for most of whom he felt contempt. He was a handsome youth and so well-liked that he was soon attracting pupils of his own.



It was at nineteen that The Thing happened that was to change the course of Bunting's life. The year was 1792, and a four-days festival of traditional Irish harpers organized by a nationally-minded group of Belfast men and women was held in the ballroom of the Exchange Rooms, now the Belfast Bank at the corner of Donegall Street and North Street. The idea of a festival bringing together the few remaining wandering Irish harpers with a view to noting down their music before it disappeared forever was a brilliant one. (A similar festival had been held exactly nine years before in Granard, Co. Longford, when the prize-winning composition was no less exquisite a gem than the now famous 'The Coolin', then making its first concert-hall appearance, so to speak).

Ten harpers, in varying styles of array and disarray, turned up, among them the fabled Denis Hempson, aged 97, from Magilligan, Co. Derry, 'an exponent of

the old-style playing with long crooked nails,' who had once been a contemporary of the great Turlough Carolan's, of whose playing, oddly, he had 'an indifferent opinion'. Luckily for posterity, prizes were offered by the organizers, not so much for virtuoso-style playing as for the quality and unusualness of the tunes performed. Applause was forbidden, and to prevent jealousies competitors were not told the amount of each other's prize money. (Top prize, incidentally, was ten guineas). Another odd thing about the festival: there was no intention of collecting or preserving the words of the tunes performed. Only the music.

The festival, we are to believe, was an immense success. Among those who came up from Dublin for it were Napper Tandy, Whitley Stokes, and Wolfe Tone. It could be said that but for these four momentous days in '92, a large number of the loveliest Irish folk-songs we cherish today would have been lost forever. And for this much - if not all - of the credit must go to the 19-year old boy from Armagh, Edward Bunting, who was employed by the organizers to sit on the platform and take down, note for note, the music as played by the ageing and aged harpers.



Bunting's imagination was fired incredibly. He had been pampered as a prodigy, had become indolent and addicted to strong liquors and riotous company. Now, suddenly excited by the beauty of Ireland's folk-music, he threw up everything and embarked on a pilgrimage - a pilgrimage in search of Ireland's fast-disappearing heritage of song that was to take him north, south and west, to 'wakes' hiring-fairs, ceilidhs and wherever the country people of Ireland sang, strummed and danced. On and off, his travels and researches took him almost three years.

Bunting's first offering appeared in 1796. It was

titled in the prolix style of the time: A General Collection of the Ancient Irish Music, containing a variety of admired airs never before published, also the compositions of Conlon and Carolan, collected from the harpers, etc. in different provinces of Ireland, and adapted for the Pianoforte with a Prefatory Introduction'. The volume contained 66 airs but no words, and none of the tunes had been printed before. In obvious anticipation of others to come, it was announced as 'Volume One'. The young man from Armagh must have experienced immense pride as he handled the newly minted copies just arrived from his publishers in London and selling at half-a-guinea a time. But his pride, alas! was not to last long. After the scandalous custom of the time the book was almost immediately 'pirated' by a Dublin publisher, thus cruelly depriving Bunting of the greater part of his potential profits.

Though Bunting made almost no profit out of his first collection, it brought him a certain reclamation among discriminating musicians and enabled him to visit London, where he became friendly with the Broadwood family; he also visited Paris (where he resented being mistaken for an Englishman!), Brussels, and The Hague, sampling the wines of the country, listening to music.



Some ill-guided person (for it could hardly have been Bunting himself) seems to have suggested to Bunting that, as regards his Volume Two, would it not be better to have words - in English, of course, and, if possible, specially written by some English poet of our rent repute? And so it was that Bunting entered into a disastrous arrangement with Thomas Cambell, the Scott poetaster, now only remembered for 'Lord Ullin's Daughter', who made some very feeble attempts at translations from the Gaelic.

As work on Volume Two was proceeding - the year

was now 1807 and Bunting was a slow worker - the Great Blow fell: Thomas Moore produced the first volume of his 'Irish Melodies' for which he himself had composed the frail, if occasionally exquisite lyrics. The book was an immediate and overpowering success with the public, and for a week or so after publication crowds of would-be purchasers clamored outside Moore's publishers in Dublin's Westmoreland street for copies coming off the presses in thousands. But nowhere in the book was there the slightest indication that the bulk of the 'Melodies' was lifted in its entirety from Bunting's Volume One!



Nowadays Bunting could have filed a writ, claimed substantial damages and caused Moore's collection to be withdrawn or re-issued with suitable acknowledgements to Bunting (and, of course, with suitable compensation). But such things, alas! were not possible in those days of unashamed and wholesale literary piracy. And so Bunting was rendered helpless and embittered. He had just guts enough left to press on, doggedly if increasingly slowly, with Volume Two which was published (by Clementi) two years later and contained no fewer than 77 additional airs, all hitherto unknown, many of them taken from the Derry harper, Denis Hempson, who was then reputed to be well over 100 years old!

Bunting smarted over the Moore piracies for the rest of his life. After the publication of Volume Two he left Belfast for Dublin where he was to spend his remaining 25 years, teaching pianoforte, harmony-and-counterpoint in his fine house in Pembroke Road, and acting as organist at St. Stephen's, Upper Mount Street, and at St. George's, Francis Johnston's noble church near Mountjoy Square. He married a school teacher much younger than himself, had several daughters and died in 1843 aged 70. He is buried in Mount St. Jerome cemetery

where his grave is still to be seen.

Three years before his death Bunting produced his Volume Three - no less than 31 years after Volume Two. This last collection contained as many as 150 airs, no fewer than 120 of which were published for the first time.

Almost three hundred Irish folk-songs, most of which had never before been printed and which would scarcely have survived without him. That was Edward Bunting's no mean achievement. Thirteen years between Volumes One and Two; no fewer than 31 years between Volumes Two and Three! Why the long gaps? One Wonders. Hardly increasing age, for he was still tramping the roads at 65.

It can only, I suggest, be that over there in England Tommy Moore was still engaged on what he incredibly seems to have imagined were his 'harmless borrowings'. He didn't think of it as theft - which it was - but just harmless borrowings by one Irish musician from another. And that's the way he thought of it, God help him!

From IRELAND OF THE WELCOMES with permission

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If you live in the state of Washington and like to folk & square dance then you should dance with and belong to "SKANDIA". Write or call Director Gordon Tracie, 4220 9th Ave. N.E. Seattle 5, Washington for more details.

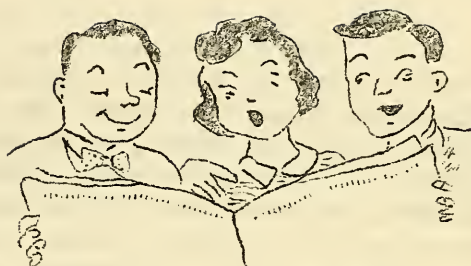
The New York State Historical Association has announced that its Seminars on American Culture in 1968 will be held from June 30th through July 13th at Cooperstown, N.Y. For further information write "Seminars on American Culture", Cooperstown, N.Y. 13326.

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FOLK DANCE MANNERS



from, and by permission of

MARY ANN HERMAN

- Editor's Note: Although entitled "Folk Dance Manners" the thoughts expressed also apply to Square Dancers."

A three-day folk dance jamboree, festival and conference is held in New York City each Thanksgiving weekend, sponsored by Folk Dance House. A vital part of the conference is the Sunday morning leader's conference, during which various subjects are discussed. One year, each teacher showed their techniques in teaching basic steps. Another time mutual problems of programming, and running a good folk dance group was on the agenda. Mostly, the meeting brings together good leaders to exchange ideas and experiences. In 1963, the meeting was devoted to a discussion of folk dance manners for both the teacher and the dancer. We thought you might like to read the report of that meeting. Nancy Rosenberg, of Washington, D.C. was secretary.

1. It may seem silly to write the obvious, but phrases such as "please", "thank you", "pardon me", "may I help you", "welcome to our group" are important.

2. Let the teacher do the teaching....be a helpful dancer, but DON'T coach your partner or sit while the teacher is trying to explain the dance. People can't listen to two voices at the same time...let the teacher do the teaching and coaching.

3. Join the dance at the appropriate place. In a contra line, go to the foot of a line; do not break in along the line, or crowd in at the head. In a line dance or circle dance, go to the end of the line. Don't assume the leader's spot after the line or circle is formed, or break into a line once it is moving. If you must leave a circle dance before it is over, join the two hands of your neighbors before you go so that you don't leave a sudden gap. If you are leading a line, make sure that you know the dance and, more important, know it the way the group has been taught.

4. If you are sitting out a dance, be quiet during the teaching. You may be disturbing those who are learning the dance. Once the music goes on you can resume your chatting.



5. Just because you know the dance, it doesn't mean that you should sit it out while others are learning it. Get up on the floor, and learn it again. You will be doing two things....helping new people to learn more rapidly and there always is some new point you may be learning to make you a better dancer. Most important, don't stay out of the teaching process and then get on the floor and do the dance in a different way from that just taught by the teacher.

6. Wear appropriate folk dance clothes. (Costumes are not necessary) but full skirts or dresses and low-heeled shoes are best for girls. For the men, short sleeved sport shirts and leather soled shoes are good. T-shirts for men are not acceptable for many groups. Slacks for girls are definitely taboo!

7. Make certain that both your clothes and yourself are clean and neat, and DO use a deodorant. The

"great unwashed" just doesn't belong in folk dance circles that matter.

8. Help the new dancers; make them feel at home and encourage their learning. Don't dance with the same person nor the same group all of the time. Avoid all cliques....share your dancing with many people. It's a wonderful feeling.

9. When the teacher announces that a dance is only for those who know it, don't get up on the floor if you DON'T know it. During unfamiliar circle dances, you spoil the fun of others if you join the circle not knowing the dance. On the other hand if you are doubtful of the step-sequence of that particular dance but have danced it a few times, it is wise to dance in an outer ring, or get behind the others to refresh your memory.

10. Co-operate when couples or individuals are needed to fill in sets.

11. Keep hands off the record and record player. Such equipment represents a big financial investment and mishandling either, can cause serious damage. Most leaders will be happy to give you record numbers or tell you about their equipment...just don't touch!



12. Don't offer gratuitous advice to the teacher or leader during the process of teaching. Suggestions ARE appreciated at a quiet moment during free periods, or after the session. Don't tell a leader he is teaching a dance wrong in the middle of his teaching....you may want to say, afterwards, that you learned the dance in a different manner, and you'd like to compare notes about it...after all you could be the one who is wrong!

13. When visiting other folk dance groups, check to see if they are doing a different version from the one you know. Then, "when in Rome, do as the Romans do" even though you know they are wrong, or else sit it out. Don't assume that the group is doing the dance incorrectly....maybe they are, but don't you go out and do something different from everyone else on the floor.

14. When attending special dances of ethnic or nationality groups, dress and act appropriately for the occasion. These are usually "dress-up" affairs and folk dance clothes are not in order. Guests at such functions should be prepared to spend money for food, drink and possible contributions. The musicians will have a prepared program for the regulars and folk dancers, should not offer advice as to what to play just for them.

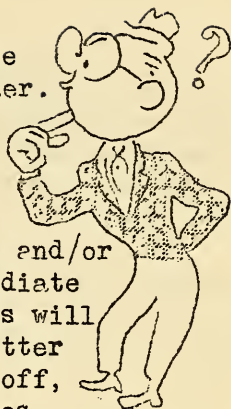


15. Be a responsive and enthusiastic member of the group. Show your appreciation. Thank your partner and your neighbors after a dance. Say good night at the end and don't forget to do the same for the teacher.

16. Because the general public still tends to think of folk dancing as either "sissy" or "kooky", every effort must be made by both the dancers and leaders to conduct themselves in a healthy, normal, well-behaved manner in folk dance situations.

At the same 1963 conference at Folk Dance House, the group discussed manners and ethics for leaders, as well as for the dancers. Here are some of the highlights of that meeting.

1. Much of the atmosphere of a dance group is set by the attitude of the leader. What he says, the way he teaches, the manner in which he organizes his evening's program is important. The experienced, dedicated leader always starts the evening with some easy circle dances and/or mixers, progressing to dances of intermediate difficulty along the way to what he hopes will be the high point of the evening. The latter part of the program he gradually tapers off, many times ending with a series of interesting but relatively easy dances. The most successful leaders and teachers learn to judge the mood of the group for that particular evening and schedules his dances accordingly.



2. A good teacher makes certain that he knows a dance well before he attempts to teach it. Too many rush home from workshops to introduce dances before they have mastered them. Don't try to be first to teach it. It is better to make sure that first you have it right.

3. Remind your group about etiquette for folk dancers...don't expect that they come to you with good manners. Make certain that your group understands whatever rules and regulations have been set down by you, your sponsor or your organization. This applies to matters of dress also.

4. Remind your dancers that sometimes there are variations for a specific dance. Some groups know all the variations or versions; some are content with just one. Traveling folk dancers should adjust to the group with whom they are dancing, and leaders should encourage this attitude in their dancers.

5. Work out a system for handling those dancers, visitors or chronic offenders who perform dances in a variant manner which disrupts the groups' dancing. Some times it is best to stop the dance and give a brief dis-

ertation on the historical development of the dance; the possibility of differing versions, basic courtesy, etc. Sometimes it is best to just talk quietly to the people or persons involved at the time, or later.

6. Leaders should give credit to source of dance whenever possible....i.e., if dance is first introduced in the U.S.A. by let us say, Dick Crum or Jane Farwell, etc. the leader should say, this dance as learned from "so-and-so".

7. Leaders should be cautious of learning "new" material from just any old Tom, Dick and Harry. Groups should avoid doing workshops with everyone who sends out a flyer stating that he is an "expert" or an "authority". Usually the truly good authorities are too modest to send out flyers. The unfortunate attitude of some leaders and groups of always learning new dances, or of being "first" with something new, has produced some rather sad and tawdry situations in folk dancing.

8. Good leaders program for the good of the group and for folk dancing as a whole, rather than for showing off how much they know. Good leaders don't just do THEIR favorite dances. Good leaders program for all levels of ability.



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CONTRA DANCE



DANDIES' HORNPIPE



Suggested music - "Quigley's Reel"



The Dance

Couples 1 - 4 - 7 etc active. Don't cross over

Active couples forward and back

Turn by the right hand once and a half around

Go below one couple and the opposite ladies chain

Left hand star with couple below

Right hand star with couple above

Active couples swing in the center (stop facing UP)

Up the center and cast off one couple

This is a real old timer (circa 1810) and a nice dance just as it is. It is even more interesting if you update it and turn it into a duple minor. Be sure you are an experienced group if you do so.

SQUARE DANCE

BUFFALO QUADRILLE



Record: Lloyd Shaw X-54. Capitol DAS 4048

Carson Robison made a terrific recording "Right Foot Up Left Foot Down" but it has long been out of print.

Bow to your partner. Bow to your corner.

All join hands, circle right (8 beats)

Circle left back to place (8 beats)

All balance left (4 beats) balance right (4 beats)

Turn your partner to face out (4 beats)

Balance left (4 beats) balance right (4 beats).

Turn around as you did before (4 beats)

All four ladies grand chain (16 beats)

Men turn left and promenade your corner maid (16 beats)

Repeat all of above until girls have returned to original partners.

An Ending

Head couples right and left four (16 beats)

Side couples right and left four (16 beats)

Allemande left and grand right and left (32 beats)

Bow to your partner. Bow to your corner.

This has been around a long time and is just as good a dance today as when it was first introduced. I know the directions say to "balance right, balance left" instead of the way it is given here. It makes for a smoother dance if you dance it as given here. Rod Linnell used to be quite insistent about that. It is the difference between being on the correct foot to start your pivot around to face out or in and being on the wrong foot.

This dance is also known as the "Knightsbridge Quadrille"

FOLK DANCE



ROYAL EMPRESS TANGO

English Old-Time Dance - originated by H.A.Clifton in 1922

Formation: Couples in social dance position. Man facing counterclockwise, Lady facing clockwise.

Man starts with left foot, Lady with right foot. Take two steps forward, with a slight dip on man's right - on ladies left. Then two steps backward, again with a slight dip on second step. Take four two-steps in line of direction. On fourth two-step both face center in open social dance position, joined hands pointing to the center.

Walk toward center of circle with two slow and three quick walking steps. With dropping hands, return to original place, moving toward the wall. Use same steps two slow and three quick steps.

With joined hands pointing straight ahead take 2 slow walking steps, then make one complete turn clockwise, with two slow walking steps, finishing with man's back to center of the circle

Walk forward CCW with two slow walking steps, then man points left and lady points right toe in CCW direction swivel to face opposite direction (CW) without dropping hands by man stepping on L, lady on R and pointing the other toe in CW direction.

Take two slow two-steps turning clockwise but progressing counterclockwise around the circle.

Repeat entire dance as long as desired.



FOLK SONG



THE JAMESTOWN HOMEWARD BOUND



To where the sky is as clear as the maiden's eye who
longs for our return,

To the land where milk and honey flows and liberty
it was born.

So fill our sails with the favoring gales, and with
shipmates all around

We'll give three cheers for our Starry flag and the
"Jamestown" homeward bound.

Chorus: tune same as last two lines of verse, repeated.

To the Mediterranean shores we've been, and its beau-
ties we have seen,

And Sicily's grand and lofty hills and Italy's gardens
green,

We've gazed on Mount Vesuvius, with its rugged
slumbering dome;

Night is the time in that red clime when the sailor
thinks of home.

Chorus: -

We've strayed round Pompeii's ruined walls, and on
 them carved our names,
 And thought of its ancient beauties past and vanished
 lordly dames,
 And gazed on tombs of mighty kings who oft in battle
 won,
 But what were they all in their sway with our brave
 Washington?

Chorus: -

And now we have arrived in port and stripping's our
 last job,
 And friendly faces look around in search of Bill or Bob.
 They see that we are safe at last from the perils of
 the sea,
 Saying, "You're welcome, Columbia's mariners, to your
 homes and liberty".

Chorus: -

This was a favorite song of the old navy. "James-
 town" as a sloop-of-war, built in 1844, and should not
 be confused with the Confederate gunboat of the same
 name. Her chief claim to fame is that she was the re-
 lief ship sent by the U.S. government to Ireland to aid
 the victims of the famine of 1847!

((((()))

For those desirous of engaging in unparalleled opportu-
 nities in the fields of History Museum Training and Am-
 erican Folk Culture, graduate programs are being off-
 ered at the State University at Oneonta, N.Y. Each pro-
 gram leads to a Master's Degree from the State Univer-
 sity.

Tradition Press, a division of Folklore Associates, Hat-
 tboro, Pa. has reprinted in facsimile the 1879 edition
 of a three-volumes History of Maryland by J. Thomas
 Scharf, with a new foreword by Morris L. Radoff and a
 new index.

((((()))

LETTERS



Dear Ralph & Ada:-

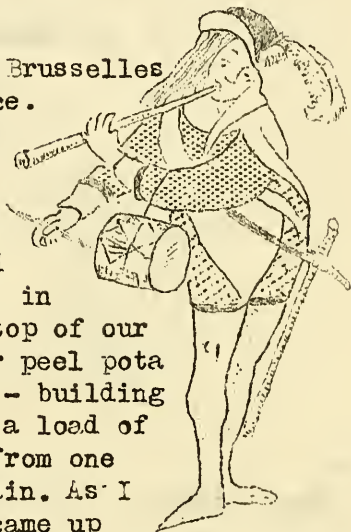
Well, here I am camping alone - in Corsica. Much has happened since I last wrote: Christmas in Switzerland with our friends; carnival was spent in Germany (a trip along the Moselle and then partying near Bonn); Easter was spent partly in Switzerland dancing with Carmen, Rosmarie, et al.

My dance life in Bruxelles has been very active. It has also been very varied! Portuguese dances at a convent school in Flanders - in between dances we sold Portuguese souvenirs. We were sponsored by the Portuguese tourist bureau. Then we danced South American dances at the Artist's Ball in Bruxelles. It was a costumed ball and a real panic! Then we danced a mixture - Portuguese, Hungarian, Belgian, etc. for small affairs at a school in Bruxelles. We spent two weekends doing work for TV. They were shows for the French-speaking TV of Belgium, France, and Switzerland - a series called "La Belle Epoque". The first one was called "Chez Maxims" where we did 1900 ball room dances. Then they used us for bit parts. The second was better from the dance point of view "Entente Cordiale". We did a "Gigue" and "Lanciers Francaise". In the first one I wore white tie and tails with moustache, and with the second a military uniform, with moustache and hair parted in the middle. The second show will be shown in September. Then we did a quiz show, with French folk dances.

On the 6th of July we danced at the Omwegang - Bruxelles' biggest festival.- in the Grande Place. It is of the time of Charles V of Spain, and we were dres-

sed and danced accordingly. The very next night we had to go to Charleroi to dance along with some actors. There was some conference there - European Telecommunications - and we entertained in medieval costumes in between courses; after the apertif we danced; after the soup we danced; after the entree we danced, etc. etc. We danced "entre plats".

On the 14th of July we left Bruxelles for Peyresq in the south of France. Peyresq was an abandoned village and it is now being rebuilt by Belgian students. We went to entertain for the Belgian National Holiday July 21. Well this turned out to be like a Belgian "kebutz" in France - if you can imagine. On top of our rehearsals we had to do dishes or peel potatoes and do 2-hours manual labor - building houses, each day. One day we had a load of rocks or small boulders to move from one place to another. We formed a chain. As I bent down the person next to me came up - wham - my head took the boulder! Blood spurted everywhere and I collapsed but stayed conscious. They drove me 20km down the mountains to get me sewn up. At the festival performance we danced (I with a large, beautiful bandage over my left eye) again "entre plats" only this time we had to serve the plats.



I left there the 26th of July, my pack a kilo heavier carrying all the bandages and cleaning medications. So here I am camping, hitch-hiking, etc. in Corsica. It is a great island. I love it. Monday I have to find a doctor to take out my stitches.

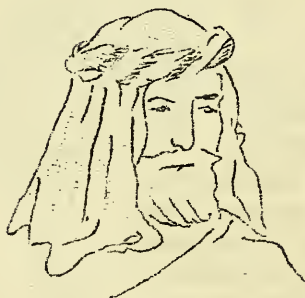
Life in Bruxelles hasn't been all dancing. I did get to a couple of concerts and a short trip to mons - festival of Dt. George, and a short trip to Paris. I also went to my first French theatre - Misanthrope, by Moliere. The theatre is especially interesting. It's in an old mansion and when the scene changes, the audience

gets up and moves to another room!

I am leaving for Brusselles on the 6th of August. In September (about the 10th) I move to London where I will be working next year at the American School in London, Regent's Park, London, N W 1.

My regards and love to all

Dick (Whealey)



Dear Folks:-

A happy holiday season to you! I have been sitting here wondering how one can organize the many things and events of the past three months. Coming to Turkey has certainly been a profitable experience. True, every minute has not been "wonderful", but one tends to forget the unpleasant things, such as bouts with "Turkish tummy", struggles with unknown insects, such as scorpions, and other similar situations.

Perhaps I should first mention places seen. Early in September, we went to the beach at Kilyos (north of Arnavutkoy, our village, on the Black Sea) and one of the Prince's Islands (south of our village, in the Marmara). We also were taking tours of the city and our surrounding areas. Now names like Bebek, Ortakoy, Besiktas (surrounding villages) and Beyolu, Nisantasi, Sisli (zones of the city - good shopping) and Taksim and Istiklal (a public square and shopping street) roll off our tongues as easily as Fifth Avenue. Styertown and

the like. Other points of the city seen thus far have been Kaariye (a former church, mosque, and now a museum famous for its beautiful mosaics); the Kepili Carsi (or covered bazaar); Aya Sofya and the underground cistern nearby. We have had several bayam (or holidays - we have both Turkish And American holidays) so we take advantage of them to do a bit of traveling. During Kurtulus Bayrami (Oct. 6, Istanbul's holiday to celebrate the withdrawal of foreign troops after World War 1) we went to Sile, a small seaside town in Anatolia, the eastern or Asiatic portion of Turkey. This town is famous for its homespun cloth (like rough muslim) - and its fine embroidery. One may go to the beach, and we did as late as October 6, because only now are the days cold, and the women who make and embroider the cloth arrive with their handiwork. We bargained with the women



and bought some really lovely articles (such as tea sets, place mats, scarves). Bargaining, except in most established shopping areas like Beyolu, is the thing to do. A salesman will be disappointed if you take him at his first price because he has no opportunity to convince you that his article is of really good quality. He will never go below what the article is worth, but he likes the sport of having you try. One must know where to bargain and to have patience. It was at Sile that I bought my first antique - a 50-year old piece of embroidery, in silk and wool, with the same pattern on both sides - work not done anymore today. During the Cumhuriyet Bayrami (Oct. 29, the Independence Day of Turkey when the new republic and constitution under Atatürk were established after the Revolution of 1920) we went to Tekirdag, a small town on the west coast of the Marmara, along the highway to the Greek border. Plans for the future include Polenesky, a little bit of Poland in Turkey, in western Anatolia on Nov. 26, our Thanksgiving holiday, and Yugoslavia and Austria - Jan.

21 to Feb. 4 - our between semesters winter holiday. Other hopes include Ismir, Ankara, Bursa and Mount Uludağ, the Mount Olympus of the area, Ephesus and many more which have not as yet materialized.

Activities have more or less established a set pattern. I have 14 class hours per week with four preparations (French I, II, III and IV) and a total of about 65 students; am on one committee (the Library Committee) and have one club (the Folklore Club of which I am co-sponsor). The students run the club which meets every Saturday for 4-hours. Each Saturday there is one hour of folk singing, one hour of folk dancing, one of life and problems in Turkey, and finally another hour of dancing. All is in Turkish, but the students have been very good in translating for me, especially the portion on life in Turkey.



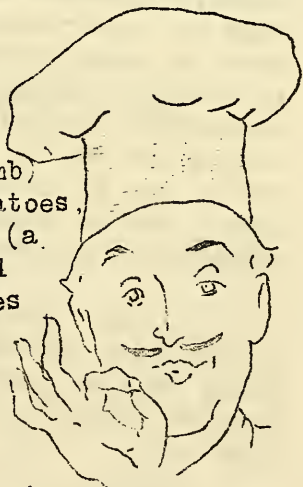
The folkdancing of the country is interesting because the various geographical areas have quite different dances - some vigorous, some violent (like the sword dances) and some as smooth and graceful as a ballet. Beyond this the French consulate has programs almost every evening (not weekends); programs ranging from music, to lectures, to classes for teachers of French, to movies. I have been going 4 to 5 times per week. One gets to know people, speak and hear French which is a popular, familiar language in Istanbul, a city of many tongues - Turkish, Greek, Armenian, German, French, English and even Italian. Our girls frequently know 3 to 4 languages before starting French or German, as we offer here at A.C.C. The French consulate has a warm, friendly atmosphere, and one has the feeling of belonging, a necessary feeling when one is in a foreign country, where both the language and culture are yet un-

known.

And, of course, I am taking Turkish language lessons. The language is difficult, because I have no precedent on which to hang my learning, but it is a logical, phonetic language which, since the Revolution of 1920, is written in Latin rather than Arabic letters. Just as the country is rapidly developing, so is the language, adding new words to its vocabulary almost every day.

Shopping and cooking are now such common activities that I almost forgot to mention them. I shop for food in Arnavutkey, our village, and have chosen my vegetable and fruit man and my butcher and grocer. One gets to patronizing the same people. They know you and want to please you so that you will come back. However, there is no one store to do all this shopping. You have to go to four or five different stores and, like in France, even bread and pastry bakeries are two separate shops.

As for cooking and the cuisine—Monday through Friday we have our noon meal at school. This is a big meal, consisting of meat (usually lamb) or beans, pilaf (cooked rice) or potatoes, a fresh vegetable, salad and dessert (a vanilla cream, helva, fresh or stewed fruit or one of the many rich pastries covered with sugar syrup). Although we lunch with the students, teachers can have Turkish coffee after the meal in their own dining room. Turkish coffee is made with a powdered, ground type of coffee (from Brazil) put into a small container like a butter melting cup — about 2 tablespoons of coffee, one of sugar to each very small cup of water. This is boiled until foaming, then poured into the cup, grounds and all. Each cup of coffee is made separately in many places. The girls at the college read fortunes in the designs left by the grounds when, after finishing the cup one turns it upside down



over the saucer. We also have tea, toast and cheese or honey at 4 p.m.

Usual Turkish breakfasts are simple, consisting of white cheese, black olives, toast and tea, usually with lemon. I make my own breakfast however, a bit on the American style with fruit (each fruit has its season - we now have oranges), eggs, oatmeal or yogurt mixed with fruit such as raisins or dried apricots, toast or tea biscuits and tea with lemon. Yogurt is one of those popular healthful and delicious foods that one eats quite frequently.

Supper is also quite simple. If we want a light broth, we must make our own soup because Turkish packaged soups are quite floury. Then of course there is the usual meat, cheese, bread, salad, fruit and tea. The bread here is excellent, very similar to French bread, in either round or long loaves. There is nothing like the experience of buying a loaf which is still hot from the oven, breaking off a chunk and eating it while it is still steaming. Milk is best purchased raw. The pasturized bottled milk can be quite thin. We then pasturize our own by bringing it up to between 165 F. to 200 F, for 10 to 15 minutes. This way the milk does not have a boiled taste and is quite creamy with an almost homogenized quality.

I could mention many other things which you yourselves have doubtless wondered about. If you have the time, send me your questions, and I'll try to get out another letter with the answers. I would enjoy hearing from you.

Sincerely

Ginny Sessa, American School for Girls
Arnavutkoy, Istanbul, Turkey





ITS FUN TO HUNT

From the files of the "New Hampshire Sentinel" published in Keene, N.H. The fifth oldest newspaper in the country.

N.H.S. 12/27/82

a dispatch from the Atlanta Constitution

FIDDLING STATESMEN

There are few people who know what an important part the fiddle plays in Southern politics. Of course, the country at large knows how Bob Taylor, the boy Congressman from Tennessee, fiddled his way into office two years ago, and how he failed this time because he thought he could run on his brains rather than his bow. Certain local people know how Uncle Jim Harris, famous for his taking ways in Fulton, snatches popular music from his fiddle in our country contests. But there are few men who know how general and how potent the fiddle is.

Several members of the present House are expert fiddlers and fiddled their way into office. Tom Watson the brilliant member from McDuffie, is the best fiddler in the House. He says: "I have the best and most intelligent constituency in the State, in my opinion."

My opponent was a good man and a good farmer, but was not a practiced speaker. I felt that speaking might be considered a sort of national gift, or due to a profession, so I didn't press him on the point. But playing the fiddle was a purely acquired accomplishment, and incidental to no profession, and as many of my younger constituents are fond of dancing and like the music of the fiddle, I crowded him on that".

"He couldn't fiddle?"

"Oh, no! And you should have seen the look of silent despair on that good man's face as he stood in a corner of a room, while I sat on a box, like a king on his throne, and made my old fiddle talk, while the boys and girls danced to my music. I made it a rule to get every girl to promise to make her partner in the reel vote for me before she would dance with him. I tell you a fiddle is a big help in a fight where you have young folks in the question".

"What tunes did you find most popular?"

"The best vote-making tune, said the Hon. Tom. reflectively, "that ever came out of a fiddle is "Mississippi Sawyer"; next to this I think is, "Yellow Gal Come Out Tonight".



Mr. Buck, of Lumpkin, contests the palm as a fiddler. Beyond a slight disposition to call his fiddle a violin, he is perhaps as good as Watson. He says: "My constituency is a quiet one and demanded solemn tunes on the fiddle. I had to work therefore, very carefully. One of my constituents claimed that all fiddlers went

to the devil. The boys and girls told me to play ahead and they would all follow the fiddler no matter where he went. That satisfied me. I found the miners very susceptible to music and they liked it lively and bright. As for a country break*down, where no man would think of cutting a pigeon-wing until he was 8 feet in the air, and where your pretty girl partner re buzees away from you three feet at a slide, you won't make the music too quiet or too strong. If you've got the right motion to your elbow and get the right twist to your fingers and good rosin on your bow, you ought to get every vote in a crowd like that."

There are very few things that a man can do that are honest, and full of fun, that don't come handy to him somewhere or other in a political campaign.



COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE

N.H.S. 6/21/82, Chesterfield:- The opening party and dance at Prospect House, Friday afternoon and evening was a pleasant affair. The music, both for concert and dance, by Dunbar's Orchestra, of Boston, was especially fine, as was expected and highly enjoyed by lovers of good music. They will probably visit us again during the summer. Whenever they come they will find plenty of admiring listeners.

N.H.S. 7/12/82, Chesterfield:- Second Regiment Band and Orchestra furnished excellent music at Lake Spofford on the "Glorious Fourth", some of the numbers by the band being exceptionally fine, and well rendered. The attendance was very large and Farr's hall was filled with dancers afternoon and evening in spite of threatening weather.

N.H.S. 7/19/82, Chesterfield:- The dance at Farr's on Saturday evening was a specially nobby affair, about forty couples being present, and the music by Brattleboro orchestra being unusually fine, even for them. It is said that another is expected two weeks from that evening. We hear a call for a similar festivity at Thatcher's hall, and hope it will be furnished.



N.H.S. 2/21/83, Walpole:- The devotees of Terpsichore can pay their devotion at her shrine on the occasion of the second annual ball at the Dinsmore House, Thursday evening 22nd inst. Maynard & Wheeler's Quadrille Band, five pieces, will be in attendance. The prompter has been studying up some new changes for this occasion especially.

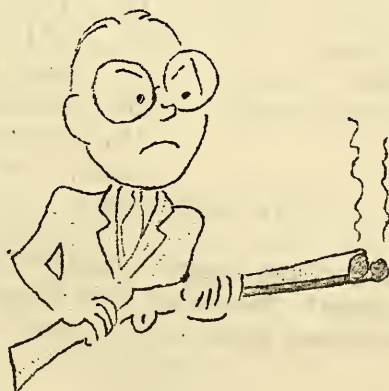
N.H.S. 2/28/83, Swanzey:- Washington's birthday was appropriately celebrated in Swanzey Center by a large gathering at the town hall, both afternoon and evening. The afternoon was spent in friendly greetings and social games; the evening to dancing to splendid music by Fitzwilliam band. About three hundred people were present, and one hundred couples joined in the dance. Mr. C.I. Whitney furnished supper, which was everything desirable.

N.H.S. 2/14/83, Walpole: Jack Harty drank something, went to a dance, struck somebody, was arrested by officer Rogers, put in the lock-up, sentenced the next day to fifteen days in the house of correction - a brief but brilliant career!

N.H.S. 3/14/83, East Sullivan:- The farmer's supper proved quite a success; about three hundred were present, a well acted pantomime, tableaux, singing and orchestra music made a very acceptable evening's entertainment, concluding with a "Congregational sance" or as some call it, marching.

N.H.S. 3/28/83, Winchester:- The final assembly of Prof. Ball's course will be held at the town hall on Friday evening, with Boston music by skilful country players, Prof. Ball, prompter. The Ashuelot railroad will carry far fare one way. Supper at Richard's for all who wish. These dances have been growing in popularity among those who like a quiet time and this one is expected to be the best of all.

N.H.S. 2/28/83, Ashuelot:- It was recently reported in a county paper that a "social dance would be held at the Lower Ashuelot hall on the evening of 17th inst. in honor of Saint Patrick". The dance was held and proved to be a pleasant affair, but the admirers of Saint Patrick wish it to be distinctly understood that they had nothing at all to do with the dance, as it was held during Lent, and that they, on account of religious principles and devotion do not indulge in such merriment during that time, and they do not honor the subjects of their religious admiration in such a trivial manner.



WHAT WERE THEY DANCING?

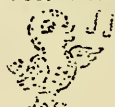


All of us have heard such statements as "They weren't dancing the mazurka in 1920"; "We danced a quadrille at my graduation ball"; "Nobody did square dancing in my day", or this fibal clincher, "My mother told me many times about dancing the Bunny Hug and Grizzly Bear when she was a girl". The mother is always among the "late lamented". Now nobody in their right mind is going to call anyone's mother a liar; it just isn't done. Real proof can be found from old dance cards or programs. We have offered a few of these in recent issues of the Junket. Here are a couple more taken from the files of the "New Hampshire Sentinel".

N.H.S. 5/6/91. Grand Concert and Ball held by the Keene Light Guard Battalion at the Armory in Keene, N.H. The order of dances:

- | | |
|-----------------------|---|
| 1. Waltz | 9. Quadrille |
| 2. Quadrille | 10. Polka |
| 3. Polka | 11. Virginia Reel (old style) |
| 4. Portland Fancy | 12. Waltz |
| 6. Schottische | 13. Quadrille |
| 7. Quadrille Lanciers | 14. Schottische |
| 8. Waltz | 15. Contra, Lady Walpole's
Reel, led by Cap Colony |
| | 16. Quadrille |

N.H.S. 6/10/91. Strawberry Festival given by the ladies of St. James' Church at the armory in Keene, N.H. The order comprised some ten numbers as follows:



- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Waltz | 6. Glide Polka |
| 2. Schottische | 7. Skater's Schottische |
| 3. Lanciers | 8. Virginia Reel |
| 4. Waltz | 9. Waltz |
| 5. Portland Fancy | 10. Schottische |



Germain & Louise Hebert, noted teachers of French dances, are planning a short teaching-tour April 15 - 21. Any group wishing to learn dances from France is urged to contact them at 439 St-Huber St. Saint John, Quebec, Canada.

Mary Ann Herman leads a folk dance workshop in Philadelphia, Pa. February 24, 1968, at the Folk Dance Center, 3808 North Broad St. Afternoon, 2-5; evening 8:30-12:00. All are invited.

Conny and Marianne Taylor announce an English Country Dance Workshop with Genevieve Shimer, February 24th at Browne & Nichols Gym, Cambridge, Mass. Also an Hungarian Dance Workshop with Andor Czompo, March 30th.

The Physical Education Department of the State University of New York's College at Cortland announces it will conduct a Folk Dance Camp from July 1 to 13, 1968, on the campus of the college. Staff includes: Ann & Andor Czompo, Jerry Helt and Bess Ring Koval. Further particulars from Director of Summer Session, S.U.N.Y. Cortland, N.Y. 13045.

Have you seen "Ethnic News"? It is a new monthly listing of ethnic activities in and around New York City. Send \$2.00 for 12 issues to Emily Moore, 149 West 75th St. N.Y.C.



PAINLESS

FOLKLORE



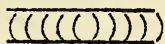
This clipping from Erwin Raicz: "A Soviet cultural magazine said recently it had discovered a group of folk dancers in Soviet Georgia whose members were nearly all over 100 years old. And the group's only woman is 130. "Sovietskaya Kultura" said the group met once or twice a year in the Hall of Abkhazian Popular Culture in Sukhumi, capital of the Abkhazian autonomous republic.

From Jack Hamilton, Kent, England: "The following quotations are selected from three of our 'Beaus of London City' Ladies' Night programmes, on the back page of which it has become traditional to insert an obscure and curious quotation."

"He was missing from his partner now and then certainly, and discovered on such occasions to be either dancing with laudable perserverance in another set, or sliding about in perspective, without any definite object; but generally speaking they managed to shove him through the figure, until he turned up in the right place" C.D.

"When you dance in company, never look down to examine your steps and ascertain if you dance correctly. Hold your head and body upright, with a confident mien, and do not spit or blow your nose much. And if necessity obliges you to do so, turn your head away, and use a fair white handkerchief." "Orchesographie", Thoinot Arbeau. 1519-1593.

"I consider a country dance as an emblem of marriage. Fidelity and complaisance are the principal duties of both; and those men who do not chuse to dance or marry themselves, have no business with the partners or wives of their neighbours". J. A.



From Olga Meyer, the following clipping:

Grandma's "Receet"



For Washing Clothes - - given many years ago to a young bride by her Kentucky mountain grandmother. We are passing it on, just as it was originally written.

1. bild fire in back yard to heet kettle of rain water
2. set tubs so smoke won't blow in eyes if wind is pert
3. shave one hole cake lie soap in biling water
4. sort things, making three piles. 1 pile white, 1 pile cullored, 1 pile work britches and rags.
5. stur flour in cold water to smooth and thin down with bilin' water.
6. rub dirty spots on board, scrub hard, then bile, rub cullored but don't bile, just rench and starch:
7. take white things out of kettle with broomstick handle then rench, blew and starch.
8. spred tee towels on grass.
9. hang old rags on fence.
10. pore rench water in flower bed.
11. scrub porch with hot soapy water.
12. turn tubs upside down.
13. go put on cleen dress - smooth hair with side combs
brew cup of tea - set and rest a spell and count bless-
ins.



VALENTINE CHARMS

Many charms for young girls are said to be effective in producing a view of one's lover. One called for the young girls to get into a clean nightgown turned inside out on Valentine's eve and to chant:

"Good Valentine, be kind to me,
In dreams let me my true love see."

Another charm called for the girl to run through a graveyard at midnight, calling out:

"I sow hempseed, hempseed I sow,
He that loves me come after me and mow."

HOLLY

Today we use holly in our homes during the winter holidays mainly because it is handsome and readily available. Early people used it too, but for curious reasons. Teutonic people hung the inside of their dwellings with holly as a refuge for wood spirits from the storms and cold of winter. Other pagans saw in the shining leaves a promise of the sun's return.

Early Christians continued the practice of hanging holly indoors, but they said it indicated a Christian home.

SUPERSTITIONS

If it snows the day you get married, you'll wind up rich.

Don't marry for money; you can borrow cheaper.
Choose your wife, not at a dance, but in the harvest field.

Choose a bride and piece goods in the daytime.

A bad wife is a poor harvest for sixty years.

It is good luck to get married as the big hand of the clock goes up and bad luck to get married as the hand goes down.

Love lives in palaces as well as in thatched cottages.
Take a good wife even if you have to sell your pots and
kettle.

If you get married 'onr a cloudy or rainy day you will
have bad luck. Happy is the bride the sun shines on.
The sun shines warmer at home.

Every bird finds its own nest beautiful.

A girl with a dimple in the chin is not to be trusted!
It is lucky to marry when the moon is full and when the
tide is high.

((((((())))))

THUNDER.

When it thunders rural Pennsylvania folk remind chil-
dren that it is only God moving his furniture about.
In the Catskills, people say thunder is the sound of
elves rolling wempins.

An old English rhyme goes: Thunder in spring
Cold will bring.

((((((())))))

GOSSIP

If all men knew what others say of them, there would
not be four friends in the world.

If what we see is doubtful, how can we believe what is
spoken behind the back?

Whoever gossips to you will gossip of you.

((((((())))))

TONGUE TWISTERS

Nancy knitted natty nit-mats for knick-knacks.

Six sick sheep sidled slowly by the sea.

The crow flew over the river with a lump of raw liver.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

When Clara Bow was the "It" girl?
 Smoking jackets? Watch fobs? Beer jackets?
 When penny candy was delicious?
 You devoured books by Horatio Alger? And about Frank
 Merriwell?
 When Francis X. Bushman was a movie idol and Harold
 Lloyd made you laugh?

or

When saddle shoes, preferably dirty, were the style a-
 long with beer jackets, covered with names?
 When dance marathons were all the rage?
 When haircuts for men were 15 cents, and five cents
 more got you a shave?

or

When newspapers were two cents daily, 10 cents on Sun-
 days?
 When water wings were used for swimming beginners?
 When Liberty magazine was on the news-stands?
 When the ice man delivered 50 and 100-pound blocks of
 ice while his horses waited patiently?

or

When there were vacant loys for baseball games and no
 one had thought of the Little League?
 When real home-made root beer was a Summer treat?
 When there were no supermarkets and you got waited on
 at the grocery store?
 When country kids carried slingshots, home-made?
 Galt just wouldn't pour during the Summer?
 When jawbreakers gave your cheeks a bulge like a grown-
 up chewing tobacco?
 When men wore tops on bathing suits?
 When Floyd Gibbons sported an eye-patch?
 When Ella Fitzgerald wowed them with "A-tisket A tasket"
 When jitterbugging was the rage?

Remember when? It really wasn't so long ago!

COUNTRY FOOD



When the mercury begins to lurk at the bottom of the thermometer and the wind blows hard out of the northwest, then is the time we start remembering some of the country foods of yesterday. There are times when we long for those good-old-days, but let's face it - we wouldn't be happy! Not really. We've grown too used to and dependent on the myriad gadgets that make our life ever so much easier. Our women-folk for instance don't have to spend the greater part of the day hovering over a wood range preparing the meals of the day. But you can't help remembering just how good some of those meals tasted though! Somebody, sometime, will invent a gadget whereby we will go into a box, press a button, wait 10-seconds or so, open the door and walk out into the Gate whose button we punched. Don't laugh; stranger things have already been invented. While we would not be happy back there in the "golden era", it sure would be nice to visit, and we would hope our visit coincided with the day Mom was making one of the most famous of all New England dishes.

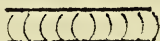
SALT PORK AND CREAM GRAVY

2 lbs. salt pork	1 cup milk
1 cup flour (about)	1 cup thin sweet cream
1 cup thick sour cream	½ teaspoon paprika

Boil the chunk of salt pork for an hour to remove the pickling salts. Drain. Let it cool a little and dry

with paper towels. Cut pork into slices quarter of an inch thick. Dip the slices first into milk and then into flour. Allow two-three slices per person. Put them into a large cold iron frying pan and cook them over low heat until they are a light gold cracker-brown on both sides. Remove them to a thick sheet of brown paper, which will absorb any surplus fat. Some fat will have tried out into your pan. Use two tablespoons of this to make your gravy.

First remove pan from the heat and rub two tablespoons of flour into the fat. When flour and fat are smoothly blended, return pan to low heat and work in first the sweet cream, then the sour cream. Sprinkle in the paprika. Cook until it bubbles around the edges but does not boil. Serve the pork slices in the middle of a big hot platter, covered with the cream gravy. Serve with baked potatoes. Now there was a meal that "sruck to our ribs"!



Hunger will break stone walls.
Hurry is good only for catching flies.
The fruits of humility are love and peace.

XOXOXOXOX

Old-timers remember when people considered the government something to live under - not on.

A lawsuit is a fruit-tree planter in a lawyer's garden.

If you have lots of push and gall,
You scarcely need a brain at all.

Fast way to figure out the cost of living is to
income and add 10 per cent.

Nothing wrong with being a self-made man - provided
don't consider the job finished too soon.

When a fellow insists on putting in his two cents
worth, you can bet he is short-changing someone.

One of the hardest things about business is minding
your own.



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Editor -- Ralph Page

Folk Dance Editor

Ted Sannella

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FOLK DANCING 'ROUND BOSTON - Regular Weekly Classes

Monday - Scottish Country Dance Society, Cambridge,
YWCA 7:45-10:30. Classes on 3 levels and social hour.
newcomers welcome.

Tuesday - 1st Tues. of each month, square dance with
live music. Unitarian Church, Church St. Harvard Sq.
Cambridge, Mass. 8:30-11:00. Charlie Webster, Caller.

Wednesday - English Dancing, Cambridge, YWCA. Country
Dance 7:45; Morris Dance, 9:15; Rapper 10:15; Newcomers
welcome. The more the merrier!

Thursday - Advanced-Intermediate Folk Dance, Cambridge
YWCA, 8:30-11:00. Teaching & requests. The Taylors.

Friday - Basic Folk Dance, Cambridge, YWCA, 8:30-11:00
(Hambo taught each Friday at 8:15) The Taylors.
Square, Contra & Folk Dancing, 1st Armenian Church,
Concord Ave, Belmont, 8:30-11:30. Ted Sannella caller

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